

speaking.

iclike sairly—

of Gower no more, stole up and listened,

It was the Cameronian elder who was

"Thou with whom is all wisdom and di-rection," he was saying, "grant to the

young man this day that he may speak Thy

word, without fear, in all simplicity, in the love of it. Be a mouth unto him and wis-

dom, and raise up about him an hearing

in this parish of Gower that needs

## CHAPTER XXX-Continued.

Letting go the box John Glendonwyn steed up in astonishment. "But you are not of the Kirk," he cried, "you do not hold with us who have relinquished our communion?"

"And what of that?" said Anton the

herd. 'To the Jews ye maun come!' quoth Peter, 'Deil a bit!' said Paul, 'Circumcise! said Peter. 'Come on!' said Paul. And withstood him to his face the furious wee ettercap that he was, him wi' the lame leg. So let it be wi' you and me, minister! 'Coavenants or nocht!' says I. 'Speeritual independence!' says you. 'Render unto Caesar!' says you. 'Plague the doit,' says I. 'Have at ye!' says you, wi' your nelves up. And I wad be willin'! But consider gin Paul cam' to Jerusalem, and thae deil's birkies o' temple officers were hard at his tail, wadna Peter tak' him to yon door he kens sae weel, an' let him into the secret o' the knock that brings out the young lass so blithe and ready? Wad he no slip him in, think ye? And gin Peter cam' to Da-mascus, wad Paul no gie him a lend o' his basket, for a' the bit difference that

had been atween them-"That wad he no," cried Babby Lockhart suddenly, "and I wull tell ye for why—the basket wad hae been broken doon, hoop rib and wattle by the wecht o' the leebrary Paul wad hae been haulin' up and doon in't. Nae sauchwands that ever were grown by Abana and Pharpar, rivers o' Damascus, wad hae stood it for an hour!"

"So," said the herd, disregarding her indignant interruption, "this is the message frae my Maister that I hae gotten-no frae Maister Habbleshaw o Benangower, but frae a Higher Han, 'Gang doon, as the Lord has prospered you,' said the Voice to me late and early, 'an' offer to the minister the shelter o' your bit hoose. It's no muckle, Maister Glendonwyn, but O ye are welcome as the first green grass on the hills o' snaw to the hungry yowes. Come your ways up, man. There's graund caller air on Bennan-gower, a bit bournie to wash yoursel' in wi pools that wad droon ye were ye as big as Samson and his weaver's beam. And heaps mutten hams and eatmeal for Babby to bake into cake. And there's the 'ben room for you, and your bulks and your studyin'the heather growin' bonny up to the verra
windows and the larks tellin' ye a' the day
lang hoo to praise God wi' the upspringin'
heart. Come your ways up wi' me, laddle.
Ye ken auld Anton that has wished ye weel
a' your days. What he means he says. And what he says he means!"

John clasped the hand held out and the

water stood salt in his eyes. "But," he said, slowly and thoughtfully. Bennangower belongs to my father, and you know what he has threatened! should you meddle in a quarrel which is not

the gesture of a covenanter before the Star

servant that has served him and his father and saxty year o' yowes and lambs at the Gregory Glendonwyn, But I Habbleshaw, a great billyin' cuif as he is. him was a rich man-and what he had, Abram being blessed wi the gettin hand, has mair nor doobled. He has led farms by the score, an' as far as it may be said o' ony mortal without offense, the cattle on a thoosand hills are his. Glendonwyn, your father, were to threaten to pit him oot o' Bennangower, odds that he wad answer him as he Neilson o' Clatterinshaws. 'Sir,' he say, 'I will mak' you an offer to tak' your hale estates at valuation!" Bigger odds golly o' muckle braid oaths as coorse as rnock. Therefore, dinna think o' Gin ae door shuts, anither will open for Anton. I am a lanely man, and hae gotten a guid wage for near on saxty year. Anton will not want. But there s his bit hoosie-and prood will his father's son be to welcome ye there, till slecan time as the fowk draw about ye, and are leavin' for conscience sake I thank you, Anton," said John Glen-

to me as Aaron and Hur for the upholding of my hands." eld Cameronian herd looked up

"Ye will na mistak', will ye, sir, will "'he said a little anxiously. "I and all have are yours, as gin ye were son to me that son hae nane. But when it comes to the Sabbath morn I wull gang doon the rae and hie me ower the lang muir and up by the cross roads to the Kirk o' the Coav-

"According to the flesh, I dinna like Maister Osborne as weel as you. But, ye see, him and me 'grees about the Coavenants and the paying o' the cess an' the ceevil magistrate and things like that-things that ye care nae mair about than ye do whetcher my collie Tyke has a rough coat or a smooth. But whilk are as the breath of life to auld Anton that was bred to that

way even frae his youth up."
"With that, or with anything that conerns the conscience, I think you will not find me meddle," said John Glendonwyn. the fear in my heart is that there or who will desire that I should con-

the old man took a quick look over his shoulder to see if Babby were still in the room. But she had disappeared to finish her own preparations, having now the prespect of a better "doonsittin" " (as she called it) than in "toon lodgings," li she would have to do would jest be to see that the landlady did not cheat her lador eat his butter behind his back.

Happy landlady, sound ought to be your the town of Kilgour this night, considering what you have escaped! think, sir," he said, "like a' things it juist needs a beginnin. And noo that ye are to hae an abidin' place in the parish it-sel' (sic as it is), there's mony the yin will

stand by ye in the Quarry-hole on Sabbath morning. Fear ye never that. The Lord shall rise up a folk for Himsel', and the auld seed o' the Coavenant and moss-hog shall be song among ither kirks It was in this way and with these adver-

tisements of welcome that John Glendon-wyn went to bide in the herd's house of McMillan, the Cameronian shepherd of Bennangower. And on the following Sabbath day, judge ye with what feelings Jehn Glendonwyn arose and went out to meditate upon the side of the mountain. It was early. Farm and cothcuse and farm eteading lay there in the unbroken Sabbath quiet. The peculiar broading silence, the hush and awe of that day affected John Glendenwyn keenly. His was the only foot, save those of the black-faced sheep, which that they had trod the great solitudes his eyes wandered over, or scattered the morning dew upon these purpling ridges.

wrong. There were two and perhaps three Bready astir and already in the ancient Scots phrase, "compassing the throne of e house when the sound of a voice speak-

her divisions. Adversity and not prosper- 1 mony when he heard his son had obtained ity hath made her great. High Kirk, Low Kirk, Gidding Kirk, Broad Kirk, Psalm Kirk, Hymn Kirk and even Laodican Paraphrase Kirk, let them emulate each other to good works and stimulate one another to the best and least somnolent purpose. What a dull fusionless place Scotland would be without her religious rivalries and emu-

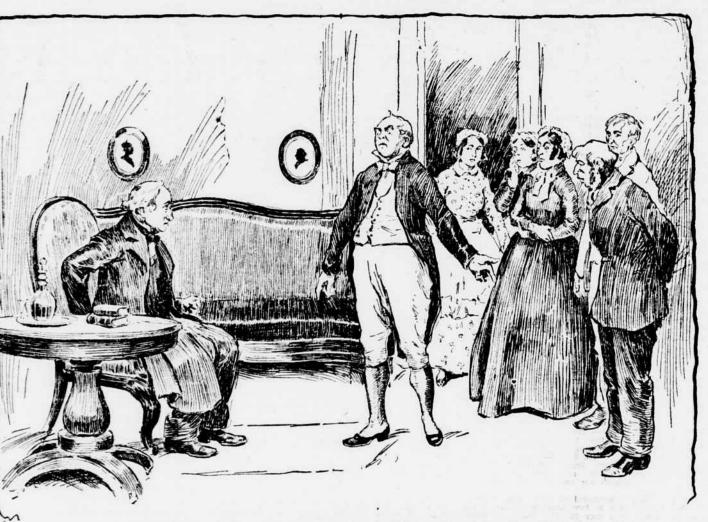
It was a striking sight which greeted John that glorious June day, high-arched and resplendent of sun. From every side the people poured in-all making for the village, only a slender sprinkling of the utter bondsmen to Gregory Glendonwyn and a few staunch pillars of Kirk and state to be seen making a contrary trickle in the direction of the steepled knowe beside the empty manse. "They are come out to see what shall be done," said John; "so much is well. But it

will not last-it cannot last!" Nevertheless for that day his heart was sufficiently elate within him. thought, "At least I am not wholly alone in this hour of my trial."

The brief entry underneath is taken from the diary of one who was present upon the occasion and shows the effect produced by the young minister's first appearance as a John stepped back. The Cameronian was pleading for him, but he had no right to listen to the words. They were not addressed to his ear. Yet as he wended his field preacher: "I went to the Old Quarry Hole and found a strange thing. Many of the country lads and cotters from the farms had been cut-ting out and arranging seats, some on the

a site for his church in the village of Gower itself—no other, indeed, than that house and garden which he, Gregory Glendonwyn, had bestowed upon the faithful Babby Lock-hart and her heirs for her care and diligence in rearing this ungrateful son. It was Factor Halliday who brought the news to his master, and he had entered ex-

pecting to provoke a great outbreak of furious anger. None, however, came, which disappointed him. Gregory Glendonwyn sat with a gray set face thinking, and the factor had perforce to slip out with no news to carry either to the servants' hall, or to the higher vehmegerecht of the head gardener, the head gamekeeper and the chief forester of the estates, the vassals and vavasours of the feudality of Gower. Now to such a pass had this hatred come that the matter of Gregory Glendonwyn's thinking was frightful even to himself.
"No-" he was repeating over and over to himself, "not if I disown him-not if I am compelled to use against him the last weapon in my power, shall a penny of my money, a penny of my wife's money be spent on defying me, brow-beating me in the face of my own people. I will show him what it is to thwart his father, to join him-self with beggarly showmen and political mountebanks. He has given up the stipend of his parish. He can have little from the company of scarecrows and beggars who will dare to favor him in Gower. For the way up the little brown trickles of sheep walks and brushed the dew from the but abandoned, and still more on an ampi-



THE REBELLION HAD COME VERY NEAR HIS THRONE.

freshed and strengthened. "The prayer of a righteous man availeth nuch," so ran his meditation. And how he known that down on the edges of the woods opposite Kilgour, near that shining white speck to which his eyes turned so often, still apparently smokeless and life the morning sun, there was a girl who had slipped out of a shut and dark-ened house to breathe the morning air, to

watch and to pray.
"God bless John today. I wish I were with him. Please make him feel that I ame thinking of him."

And Fairlie Glendinning, who had prayed these words almost unconsciously, looked lingeringly up at the side of Bennangower er, and with her face still in that direction she pulled a white rose from the little tree by her bower, and, first kissing it, she threw it as far as she could over the tall beech hedge in the direction of the white speck among the heather of the hillside.

Also at the window of a certain room in a square, white-walled manse on the side of the river there was standing a tall, white-robed figure.

The window was open, and sweet airs

were stealing in across the waters off the wreat wastes of heather. There was a whaup flying over the town, uttering his e hae a bonnier manse biggit than the yin wild cry, but so early is it that there is no noise in the Sabbath-quiet streets to scare donwyn, touched to the heart, "you are to me as Aaron and Hur for the application of the property of the prope and a little brother were asleep in the same room. She looked out again, sighed, shook her head, and, murmuring, "No-no-I know it can never be!" she turned and went quietly about the house, laying aside the worn week-day clothes, and looking out those which are donned fresh and fresh every Sabbath morning-un:form, in fact, of the Caesarian legionaries. Then she smiled, though somehow her

eyes were wet. "This is what I was meant for, evidently." she said, and brushed harder at the bottoms of Henry's trousers, which bore the stains of muddy ways and careless feet. Which, in its way, was a prayer every bit as good as the other two. For if self-sacrifice be not the matter and essence of prayer, it is one of the strong pinions that

#### CHAPTER XXXII. Nec Tamen Cousumebatur.

lift it heavenward.

That was a strange Sabbath day in Scotland when in four hundred and seventy pulpits there was either s'lence and emptiness or the voice of a stranger-nothing like it since the "Drucken" parliament of the restored Charles stilled the kirk services over all the south and west, and set the heather on fire with those field-preachings which in time were to bring down the mighty from

their seats. The disruption was accomplished. ministers had done their part-would the people follow them, or, like the kirk jick-daws, "bide by the waa's?" It was a day of testing.

Breakfast at the Herd's House of Bennangower was a silent meal that morning. John Glendonwyn was thinking of his first service as a minister outside the Kirk of The Cameronian elder, done the thing which alone was in his power to do, was silent out of sympathy- a very fine gentleman was this herd of Bennan-

At last the hour hand of the great eightday clock approached 11, and it would take the better part of an hour to reach the Quarry Hole in front of the village of Gower where the service was to be held. The Cameronian and the self-outed minister walked still and silent together until they reached the little stile where the road down to the quarry separated from the track which wimpled onwards through the heather toward the town of Kilgour.

There John and the elder shook hands

and looked a moment in each other's eyes—
the look which meant, "Good speed. Go
thy way—a good way, though not mine!"
And so do men differ with good and commendable differences about religion throughout Scotland. Men do not differ about that to which they are indifferent. Let the blue banner wave and the bush burn yet uncon-sumed and St. Andrew with his crozler be set on high and half-a-dozen steeples be seen in every village athwart the land! Let men argue and brother turn his back upon

brother on the Sabbath morn, each traveling to his own particular Zion to hear the

theater of turf in front of which the preaching box had been set up.
"There were, so far as I could see, near onto 600 persons present, some doubtless drawn from curiosity from Kilgour and other neighboring parishes, but most of them tenants and cottlers on the Gower estates, for whom it is said no little that they should be present on an occasion which

"At last the young minister, Mr. John Glendonwyn, was seen approaching over the hill. He looked tall and slim, blue of eye and pale of face-more like a student than one who, after being a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland in one of her best parishes, had made himself separate from his own kith and kin and damaged his propects, so far, at least, as these were in the power of his father to hurt or to help.

they knew might affect their livelihood.

The first psalm had just been given out, and while the people were singing I saw a great many people turn round, and some few put up their plaids and shawls about their heads as if they did not wish to be recognized. But the elders and those who had taken a prominent part with the young minister stood boldly bareheaded beside him, singing to the tune "French" the psalm which begins, "I to the hills will lift my aid, from whence doth come mine aid. Presently I heard a carriage drive up and stop. Then as soon as the singing of the psalm was over, I saw Mr. Glendonwyn pushing a way through the throng, which made way for him readily. There was a little broad-bodied lawyer-looking man with him, but it was Mr. Glendonwyn, who appeared most keen upon the business.
"'By what right do you hold this meeting in this place?" he called out in a loud

voice as he came near the preaching box. "Then the young minister looked calmly down, and answered with a great quict that won the respect of all: 'Sir, we are advised that the place is public. It has not been fenced for forty years, nor have the quarry stones been worked within the memory of man. We believe that we have a right to worship here according to our

consciences.' "Then you believe a lie, which will be nothing new to you!" cried Mr. Glendonwyn, lifting his hand threateningly, as if he would have smitten his son to the 'but we will soon show you. My friend here has an interdict which will set-

'Sir,' said the minister, gravely, 'this is the Lord's day morning, and no time for the service of any legal document. Tomorrow I and my office bearers will be at the gentleman's service.'

"Then he lifted up his hands and said very reverently. 'Let us pray.' "At which Mr. Glendonwyn turned and stamped his way back through the concourse in a great and high anger, declaring in the hearing of all that he would cast his son off forever, and that he would live to repent that day's work - with othe speeches which I need not set down here. other

Mr. John's sermon that day was on the text, "The Lord Hath Done Great Things for Us, of Which We Are Glad." And he spoke with much fervor of the reformation of John Knox, of the intrusion of bishops, of the high days of presbytery, of the twenty-five years' persecution and of the long deadness of prosperity which followed. I cannot mind all he said, but at the last, when near his concluding, he had this enlargement of the spirit. Speaking of the sacrifices which might yet be required, he said: "There are many things against us-many strong things and many powerful men. But there is one thing which may encourage us—when we that are on the earth shall depart and the gate of the eternal looms before us-though the portals be high as the heavens, we shall find the gate itself small and mean and low, while its lintels shall be written in letters of gold

the words, "As a Little Child."

"A word which many took as an answer to the reflections which had been so freely made upon Mr. John that he should have set himself up to be wiser than Dr. Caesar and Mr. Aiblins and his own father, being, as it were, a young man and but a child in the service of the Kirk."

Meantime in his tower of gray stone high over the sea-edge Gregory Glendonwyn sat, eating his heart out with anger for the disappointment of his hopes, but with the open defiance of his surviving son for the last bitter drop in his cup. He had no longer any fear of him. The papers which John had signed so has illy had been sufficient to enable Gregory Glendonwyn to procure the sum requisite for his immediate needs and to cover Rupert's defalcations. It did not matter to him that John was left abso-Ing in the profound silence stayed and held him. It came out of a great bush of heather and broom, as from an oratery.

The minister of Gower, today the minister has come to the Kirk of Scotland through | His feelings increased in force and acri-

signed away his own property and inheritance like a fool. But I will hound him from Gower. I will cast him off as a son. And by heaven and Him who dwells I will take the inheritance he is sure of, out

of his hand. I can and will!" And Gregory Glendonwyn being a man of

action rose up at once and proceeded to carry out his threat. For a great idea had occurred to him thought at once so striking and far-reaching, yet so mortifying to his own pride that only the desperate hatred which he had been cultivating against his son in his heart could have brought him even to con-

### CHAPTER XXXIII. The Snarl of the Gray Wolf.

These amiable thoughts with regard to his son caused Gregory Glendonwyn to make up his mind to pay a visit of some importance to the story-one to which he himself looked forward with no great anticipations of pleasure. Indeed so little did he desire to make it for its own sake that he opened his mind that night to a certain Mr. Christopher Ingalls (of Sharp, Smart and Ingalls, W. S. of Edinburgh), who was staying with him at the castle. Mr. Ingalls had recently made himself exceedingly useful to Mr. Glendonwyn-in fact, ever since Mr. McCrosty had declined to have anything to do with Gregory's irregular and unlawful intromissions with his younger son's maternal inheritance.

He it was who obtained and served the interdict shutting the quarry to the newly formed Free Presbyterian congregation, and driven them triumphantly forth to bath he intended to have half a doen county officers on hand with instructions to keep them moving. Mr. Ingalls had also gained much favor with his principal by discovering a flaw in the deed by which Mr. Glendonwyn had handed over the cottage and garden to Babby Lockhart. At least the litigation (and Mr. Glendonwyn meant to carry it to the bitter end, to the house of lords if necessary) would take several years, and he anticipated more money than a struggling country congregation could afford to spend on the matter. can Grierson, however, which finally

It was an interview he had with Duncided him to proceed to extremities with, his son, and to take the desperate resolution which he was now, in company with Mr. Ingalls, about to put into executio Duncan had come up on the Sabbath morning after breakfast and requested on his own behalf and on the part of a certain number of the upper servants House of Gower, an interview with their master.
"What is it Grierson?" Mr. Glendonwyn

cried looking up testily. "This is Sunday and I have much on my mind today." It was the morning of the service in the

"So have we, sir, so have we!" said Grierson, and without further preliminary he opened the door and ushered in Banner man, the head gardener; Cuthbertson, the forester; Mrs. Mair, the housekeeper, and two of the upper house servants to the presence of the master of Castle Gower. "This is most unseemly and untimeous, said Gregory Glendonwyn. "But spea

out. Let me hear what you have to say! Have you any complaints to make?"
"Sir," said Duncan Grierson, "being the oldest servant in the castle, as well as on the estates, I am asked to speak for those them and their offspring with this ax. I others who are here. Sir, we have had our disputings in public, our searchings of heart in private, with regard to matters of religion, and we have come to ask your permission to attend the services of the Free Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland in this par-

ish, upon such days as we have had here-tofore our ordinary liberty of attendance upon ordinances. We do not think that it is a matter which ought to come between master and servant, but we have been long with you-serving you, as far as in us lies, faithfully, and we would not do anything secret or (as it were) underhand with you! Dumb stricken sat Gregory Glendonwyn. The rebellion had come very near his throne. For a moment he could not anof the furious anger which

frenzy.

That day and hour they should leave his dwelling. They had been suborned by his son, one who rejoiced in stirring up strife, who set the most sacred obligations at defi-

Then the tempest broke forth in its full

ance, caring for nothing except his own vainglory. He, Gregory Glendonwyn, would pay them their wages and they should go. Then it was that Duncan Gierson bowed himself before his master with the cere-mony of an oriental, and after that prompt-ly erected himself and looked the laird of Gower in the face with the spirit of a Scot-

tish free man.
"No, Mr. Glendonwyn," he said, like stranger dogs will we be driven from the doors we have entered so long. We are all good servants, with our characters to look to, and these men have wives and families, which, I thank God, I have not. We will serve you faithfully to the limits' of our notices—I myself for a month and the others for six months, according to their agreements. During that time we will abstain from any declaration of our sentiments and from attendance on ordinances according to the way that our consciences approve-

"Your conscience, Grierson," sneered his master, "of a truth it must have been growing in tenderness during these last

The old man bowed his head.

"I thank God I have tried to make amends for some of the ill I have done." he said. "You have a right to cast that up to me, sir. But at least my future shall not copy my past. I have learned so much from Mr. John."

"Silence!" shouted Mr. Glendonwyn. "If you name that name in this house I will knock you down—aye, if you could claim a hundred years' service instead of fifty. And as for the rest of you, I will deal with you tomorrow morning—that is, I and Mr. Ingalls. You shall have liberty, all the liberty you like, to exercise your religious duties according to your consciences. But if I get my way you shall have some way to travel in order to do it. You can go." to travel in order to do it. You can go. All which things and many others, slight All which things and many others, sight but infinitely galling to a proud and arbitrary man, worked like fire in the veins of Gregory Glendonwyn. He would once for all make an end of his son. As a means to an end he set out with his new friend and man of hydrogen Mr. Christopher In and man of business, Mr. Christopher Ingalls, to call upon David Glendinning and his daughters.

Little was said by the way. Mr. Glendon-wyn was full of his intention, and as for Mr. Ingalis, he was engaged in estimating what this new connection would be worth to his firm—enough, he thought, being a pushing man, to buy out Sharp & Smart who were both oldish men, and would be content to retire to one of these estates of a few thousand country acres each, of which there were so many just now in the market—and especially in the hands of such clever practitioners as Messrs. Sharp, Smart & Ingalls. Writers to the Signet. So in the dark sifted a light of a June forenoon when the clouds were like a semi-globe of ground glass, these two gentlemen walked up to the blue double leaf of David Glendinning's door, and the taller of them knocked firmly and determinedly thereon with the knob of his cane. It had a gold knob, and was fully as well known in the parish as the owner himself.

The Flower Cot was gay and brilliant as ever with geraniums and slipper-wort of strange, uncanny shapes, speckled and ring-straked like tropic fruits. The air was delicate with l'lac, white and purple, and Fairlie's white roses clambered over ail. "A sweet place," said the lawyer, looking

about him-"yours, of course, Mr. Glendon-But the master of Gower Castle did not reply to the ill-omened query. He was looking rather anxiously about. He knecked the second time, without receiving any answer. Did the Glendinnings mean to deny themselves to him? Or-worst of all for his present purpose—had they carried out his own former directions and gone

But no-at the third application of the gold knob to the blistered panel there came forth from a low door, variously streaked in blue and orange and scarlet, a tall man with gray locks of hair about his face, which escaped oddly enough from under-neath the flat paper cap he wore, and the strangest eyes, looking out from under shaggy brows, which were in their turn subject to the strangest twichings. This gaunt figure, hollow of cheek and flery of eye, moved quickly along till the bony arms and multi-scarred hands, the shoulders slightly stooped and the threatening militant countenance were interposed be-tween Gregory Glendonwyn and the creeper-hung door of the Flower Cot at which he had been knocking.

"I am!" replied the threatening figure, with grim brevity, without returning the "Then, Mr. Glendinning," said his visitor.

nowise abashed, "I am come to have an "I desire none!" quota Da "I desire none!" quoth David, with a snap of determined jaw, like the gray wolf. after which he was named, when he grips a thigh bone. "I trust I shall be able to satisfy you that

what I ask is for your good," said Mr. Glendonwyn, "and, I may add, for the benefit of those belonging to you "I ken of no possible benefit that I or mine could be glad to receive from you or yours, Gregory Glendonwyn," answered the jeiner of Boatcroft, "save that ye should gang oot through that yett and never set

foot on my doorstep again."
"But," persisted Mr. Glendonwyn, snavely, "it is a matter which concerns not only you, but your children and children's children-indeed, all who come after you. A sudden access of fury seized the old

man. He lifted a small, vicious headed American ax which was standing by the side of the wall. "Gin ye do not tell me by what right ye speak of my children's children," he shout-

ed, "by the Lord that is on high, I will cleave you to the breast-bane!" Singularly devoid of courtesy was this grim Old Gray Wolf. Concerning that I can satisfy you to the full," said Gregory Glendonwyn, who, on his part, certainly did not lack his share of

the family courage, for he never blenched at the near gleam of that threatening edge or at the swelling muscles of that mighty "Permit me to speak with you apart for half an hour only. This is my legal adviser, Mr. Christopher Ingalls of Edin-He will tell you that the matter is both urgent and private."
"I have nothing that needs to be held

private with you or with any of your race," said David, "nor shall ye enter my hoose while there is breath o' life in my body. But yonder is the woodshed-if ye choose to pass in, I will not prevent ye." "I thank you," said Gregory, gravely, go-

ing on before. Mr. Christopher Ingalls. whose apprenticeship to the law had not included precedents for dealing with inter-dicts in the shape of American axes, followed him, not a little bewindered.
"Now speak your mind, and be brief,"
quoth David. And standing thus, the ax

handle still in his hand and the head gleaming up from a great block of chipped and dinted hard wood, the Old Gray Wolf looked the very type of an executioner waiting to

"Sir," said the Laird of Gower, whom no display of force could either daunt or deflect from his purpose. "I have come to invite my late son's wife and his infant son to take their due positions in my house, and to be acknowledged before all men as and anxious to receive them. For a moment David Glendinning as it had been, stricken dumb with the surprise of the words. He had been ready to resent insult, and now, so far as his

was done to him and his. It was some time before the Old Gray Wolf spoke. He stood like a statue carved in yellow ivory, all, that is, save the great bushy gray eyebrows, which kept working strangely, like mercury "pumping" before a storm And still Gregory Glendonwyn was not warned, though (as it were) all the four

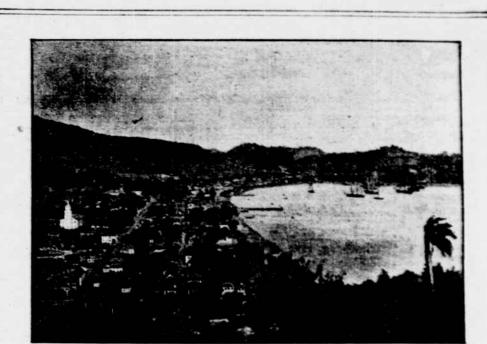
storm-cones were being hoisted at once. Then suddenly it came. The old carpenter f Boatcroft extended his arm like gaunt semaphore. "Go!" he cried, "there lies your way! Marriage—I ken naught of any marriage. I ken of no daughter of mine that is a wife to a son of yours. If I did I would brain

will have no dealings with you or yours. Go—while by God's grace I can restrain myself—go!"
"Sir." said Gregory Glendonwyn, "this is not a matter for anger or dispute. It is a matter of right and justice. Your daughter Catherine is my late son's wife. That they were married admits of no doubt, though once, I own, I doubted it. I have the names of the witnesses. It is equally certain that the child born upon

the island was—nay, is, the heir to the estates of Gower." With a voice more doggedly grave than ever David Glendinning replied.
"I ken nothing of heirs and marriages. I acknowledge none. I scorn you and your name, your lands and your heirships. I would rather that my daughter should live and die shamed than that the shall die shamed. and die shamed, than that she should bear, common repute, the name of a dastard and a coward, a ravisher of daughters from their father's hearth, a traitor to the woman that trusted him and to the

love he professed—!"

(To be continued.)



KINGSTON, ST. VINCENT.

# back of the town, we passed the fine botan-

The Wealth of a Priestess That None Would Touch.

CALAMITY FOLLOWS

FIRST CROPS FAILED, THEN CAME A HURRICANE.

The Wonderful Twin Craters of La Soufriere in a Land of Beauty.

Written for The Evening Star.

"I allus tol' 'em they be sure nuf goner if they tech that voodoo money." The old negro sat slowly spelling out of the evening paper the latest meager news of the disaster on St. Vincent Island, his old home. Scarce a negro in the West Indies but is saying the same thing today.

Waxing ever fatter, ugller and richer, for many years there lived just outside of Kingstown, on St. Vincent, the high priestess of the voodoo worshipers. Thither by stealth came negroes from all over the West Indies-came, also, they tell you, white planters seeking charms and lucky spells. There were still others who landed quietly by night and bore away little phials of slow-working poison, or, perhaps, merely innocent-looking splinters, whose slightest scratch meant death; then, presently, the papers would record the sudden end of some harsh overseer "from fever." The hand of the law never fell upon her-it is not pleasant to execute justice when you know that tomorrow morning's coffee will be filled with powdered glass-and in good time she died, her spirit carried up Soufriere by Zombi, so they say, and there dumped in.

## Cursed Voodoo Wealth.

Much wealth she left, for her "magic" was always of the most expensive kind. Many a poor devil ruined himself to meet her extortions. But, strange to say, no "You are Mr. David Glendinning?" said heirs appeared to claim it. It was voodoo, Gregory Glendonwyn, lifting his hat po- and not an African on earth would touch a

So finally the government of St. Vincent stepped in where others feared to tread | limb. and confiscated it. voodoo, it certainly is true that from that day the already tottering fortunes of St. Vincent hastened swiftly to their fall. The negroes emigrated to Barbados, to the states, to anywhere away from that island. Sugar fell in price slowly but surely, and sugar was St. Vincent's mainstay. Arrowroot, the next crop of importance, fell also. Desperate measures were taken to remedy matters; whole estates were condemned and cut up into little parcels to be divided wild scent of the jungle, the smell of fresh rich earth, of countless flowers and sweet amongst the negroes. The only result was to anger those whose estates had been con-

# Ruin on Ruin.

Then came the awful hurricane of 1898; 400 lives were lost in the Island and every crop was totally ruined. Those who lingered after that did so merely because they had to. Such was the state of things when the writer landed at Kingstown a few weeks ago. Most pleasant were his recollections of St. incent, a dim remembrance of a visit many years past. fifteen miles long by eleven broad, the little green islet was saved from insignificance the rugged grandeur of Soufriere, the evil-named, evil-reputationed old volcano at the northern end. Although but 3,000 feet high-it lost 1,000 feet or so in altitude in its outbreak of 1718-yet its ragged cone towered with a certain mighty majesty, a beauty "la diabole," against the

clear tropic sky. From Soufriere to Mount St. Andrews, near the southern end, a jagged chain of lesser peaks divides the western from the eastern side. So riven by chasms, so steep are their sides, that a long road round the shore was the only practical connection be tween the pretty little village of Belaid half way down the western side and the larger village of Georgetown just across. At the southwestern end lay-so the writer remembered it-the flourishing town of Kingstown, bearing no little resemblance to St. Pierre in its surroundings of greenrobed hills of cane; its houses gayly coed in bright blues and reds, with here and there a dash of yellow, reminding you of Norway villages. The heavy-laden sugar casks gruntling over the cobbled roads, the quick clicking of tiny donkeys' hoofs drawing enormous loads of green cane, the hum and clatter of the market place; all these he remembered well. The hills were but he remembered well. naked skeletons of those he remembered; gaunt, gray ribs of rock protruding through pare red soil; lying naked and ashamed in he have packed the first known specimen the glare of the sunshine, stripped utterly of their emerald robes, not so much as a palm growing since the day of the wind.

Farther back the higher hills still lay green and beautiful, but for miles around the town the voodoo curse, indeed, lay heavy on the land. And the town itself! there a patch of color clinging like rouge upon a corpse.

# Gloomy Kingstown.

Shutterless and empty many a house stared as with the sightless eyes of the dead out on the deserted bay, green fungus, like grave mold, spreading over them.

The long pier tottered on its rotting piles. seeming scarce able to support the weight of the handful of listless negroes that flocked out to see the mail boat anchornow grown to be an event not to be missed. Ashore the ruin was more apparent. Only the police station, which, next to the fail. was always the finest building, maintained a certain smartness, covering its crumbling valls with whitewash, as the proud old sol dier carefully inks his ragged buttonholes. In the streets, rutted and gullled by many a rainy season, the green grass grew almost unchecked. Down Middle street, as the main thoroughfare is called, the dust of years had gathered on the narrow little shop win lows-making their dim interiors gloomy beyond description.

each merchant eagerly to the door, only to gaze gloomily at our retreating backs. A crowd of eager darky boys flocked around us, begging shrilly for a penny. But saddest sight of all was the old market place, the heart and center of every West Indian town where, be it only to talk gloomily of ruin gathers what life the place possesses. But in St. Vincent only a few withered crones sat mumbling to themselves for lack of company-a handful of charcoal, a few vams, a shriveled bite of sickly fruit, such were the contents of their baskets. Of cusical gardens, a green oasis in a barren land; higher up, the road led to the backbone of the central ridge. Here, for the first time, we could see the eastern side, windward.

### The Last of the Caribs.

In startling contrast to the hills around Kingstown, everything was green and beautiful. This was the old Carib country, given to the pitiful remnant that survived the countless massacres of their fellows, and promptly taken away again as soon as the listrict was found to contain the most fer-

ile land on the island. Poor Caribs! Once proudest and most valorous of all Indan tribes, the only na-tives to resist successfully the Spaniards' crushing rule; now, by slow murder and by still more deadly intermarriage with the negro, reduced to a mere fragment of a

race!
Some seventy of pure blood hiding like wild animals in the deep woods of Dominica, none of pure blood left in St. Vincent—not many of mixed type even—now, doubtless, not any at all; for they lived on the northern coast, today a mass of glowing lava. Truly this last disaster would seem to be your long delayed revenge, had not you very selves been the oblig sufferers. you yourselves been the chief sufferers! Down to the coast, past the mineral spring

n Arnos Vale, back again to Richmond-n and out, up and down ambles the road to Soufriere, growing more and more imposing at every step, the cloud cap on its summit giving it a false loftiness of aspect.

Soon the real climb began, the path growing steadily worse. None but West Indian horses could climb West Indian mountain reads. The inexperienced traveler shudders

roads. The inexperienced traveler shudders at the impossible ascents, the straight downward plunges into loose stones everywhere, the road most likely clinging to a steep cliff, while from the saddle you can look straight down beside you a sheer thousand feet. But by and by confidence in your beast's gymnastic powers sets in and soon you are urging him to canter down places where you would have dismounted and walked an hour before. Sometimes behind us, but more often ahead, trudged the negro guides bearing bundles of good weight upon their heads. The feats they perform are wonderful. They make forty, fifty miles a day, up and down, with packages some-times weighing a hundred pounds upon their heads—no horses can keep up with them, their muscles seeming to be made of

### A Wonderful Journey. Beautiful beyond words is this path up

Soufriere-a jungle of marvelous green follage studded with gorgeous flowers, passing through the primeval tropic forest, where the huge trees so knit themselves together as to resist successfully the fury of the hurricane. The sunlight flutters dimly through a screen of green far overhead; long, snake-like lianes drop seemingly out of emerald clouds to the ground a hundred feet below. Orchids and urious parasites cling to the massive sides of the trees and fill the Humming birds, like flashes of co ored fire, dart everywhere. Huge butter back and forth, with gorgeous large as seemingly to impede their speed. Strange notes from unnamed birds break the stillness. Below a little stream is chuckling to itself. rustle from under the horses' hoofs, to stop and peer with bright, black eyes at the intruders. And, over all, the strange spicy fruits mingling indescribably with everything. Great tree ferns, the stems thick as young palms, spread out their green lacework fifty feet above your head It is all so beautiful, a real enchanted fairyland! Dryads and the great god Pan himself become realities. Behind each tree

### this is naught but molten lava stream by And Then-La Soufriere!

Gradually the trees grow more stunted, the tender tree ferns lie behind, the hardier ferns take the place of the exotic undergrowth, and at last-the crater of Soufriere. It is two craters in reality, for in that great eruption of 1812, when he shook half the world with the fury of his wrath, a new vent opened beside the old outlet,

separated by a narrow ledge of jagged rock. Quite impossible of description is this twin crater of Soufriere. The old mouth, a mile across and seven hundred feet deep, lined with hardy ferns that dared to creep down to the edge of the uncanny lake of milk-white water that, when we saw it, was commencing already to bubble uneasily with sulphurous gases, bleaching the fol-

iage all around the edge. The new outlet was far less imposing-a tiny, black, unfathemed pool at the bot-tom like some devil's inkstand. The crests of both craters were jagged and seamed with old scars; the rocks and bare places were colored to uncanny hues by rising gases; while most impressive of cloud mists whirled and tossed, and floated

out to vanish in the sunshine. Standing on the crater's rim the little island seemed like a tiny emerald floating on a vast blue sea. Nestling along the mountain's flanks were countless little houses. Far away at the south end lay Kingstown. Here Ober hunted with the tireless patience of the naturalist the mysterious Soufriere bird, never seen before by man, though often heard. With what joy must

#### Baking Cassava Cakes. The cave in the crater's rim where he

spent a week was pointed out. With much reluctance we descended a still steeper path to the northern coast. Here most of The pitiless tropic rain had washed the gay-hued houses to a dingy gray—here and lived. It seemed a general baking day, for the Carib half-breeds, some 200 in number, all were busy making cassava cakes. Most interesting was the process. The cassava root, not unlike our own potato, contains vice which is a deady poison. So first the tubers are grated fine, and then a cunning ly woven tube of elastic basket-work, made on the principle of the little finger traps familiar to our childhood, is filled. One end is suspended, while from the other weights are hung. As the basket stretches out the juice is forced from the cassava through the open meshes. In the old days this juice was saved to poison arrow tips. Now it is carefully thrown where it can do no harm. The still moist pulp next is dried thor-oughly and then rolled into pancakes some two feet wide and thin as paper, which are baked on heated stones, or, if the family is well to do, on iron plates. One old wo hideous beyond belief, her straight black hair hanging in tangled masses round her, complained bitterly because, for sooth, the cakes were rolled and there were no

> Ah! Had she but known! Soon hot stones were to rain, as if from heaven, on her, crushing her poor old body into even more hideous form. Soon the soft white ashes were to fail like a winding sheet on everything, burying forever beneath it the last hopes of a brighter day for the island cursed with the voodoo spell.

### Sweet Sympathy. From the Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Youngwed-"Yes, Mr. Youngwed didn't feel at all well this morning, so I just made him stay home from the office. Mrs. Naybor-"Indeed! I notice all your

tomers, at least while we were there, no sign! Saddened beyond expression by these signs of ruin that filled the little town of pleasant memories, we set out for the journey up Soufriere. Starting up the road day."

carpets are up, and your back shed's painted and—"

Mrs. Youngwed—"Yes; I got Mr. Youngwed to do all that while he was home to-